

American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
February 1930 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*





ST. VALENTINE'S MORNING

WHAT causes my window to sparkle and shine?
 Why! There on the glass is a gay Valentine!
 The artist has stolen his colors, I fear,
 For a touch of each season is glittering here.
 There's a leafy-green glint,
 And a crimson rose tint,
 And silver frost-arrows below
 A delicate tracery
 Of exquisite lacery,
 Woven of moonlight and snow.
 And there in the corner, zig-zag and crisscrossed,
 The name of the windowpane artist, "Jack Frost!"

THIS
 POEM
 WAS
 WRITTEN
 BY

ETHEL BLAIR JORDAN

AND
 IT WAS
 ILLUSTRATED
 BY

ENID HOEGLUND



The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The February News in the School

Classroom Index

Auditorium:

St. Valentine's Morning.

Citizenship:

In "Letters from Haiti" fellow citizens of school-age tell interesting facts of their government.

"The National Children's Fund Works On"—The special Junior Red Cross page in the January first *Red Cross Courier* reviews the origin and history of the National Children's Fund and outlines the projects for this year. You may obtain free reprints of the page through your local Red Cross Chapter or by writing National or Branch Red Cross offices. In an article by Dr. Haven Emerson, "The League Steps Out for Greece," *Survey*, Dec. 1, 1929, there is the following description of health needs in that country:

"Wave to a lad tending his goats and sheep in a roadside pasture and he comes dashing across the thyme and heather with a handful of narcissus and daffodils, but as you glance over his tumble-off garments you note the lopsided abdomen where the great 'ague-cake,' or malarial spleen, deforms him. Even through his eager smile and courageous erectness of head and back you see the premature aging and chronic malnutrition of the long-standing case of malaria.

"In Peloponnesus or Macedonia, Epirus or Crete, one finds the disease abundantly. Some mountain villages are free, it is true, but among school children, even by using the familiar spleen index and without microscopic searching, you will find from 30 to 90 per cent of the children with marked malarial infection. Cause of poverty, thief of initiative and energy, blight of races and governments—malaria presents a challenge of preventable disease on which the survival of Greece depends. Lack of money to buy quinine, want of leadership and organization, absence of sanitary experience or capacity for abatement, ignorance by the people and the government of the urgency of household control of mosquitoes—these are some of the major causes of the desperate plight of many a potentially wealthy prefecture and of the degeneration of splendid race stock."

If the small gift from the National Children's Fund nourishes hope and inspires leadership, this investment in good will nets large profits indeed.

"Junior Doings Overseas" and "News of Members Here and There" as usual contain splendid examples of citizenship in action.

"Pa Badak's Lawsuit," a delectable tale, contains broad implications of the value of good sense on a world-wide scale. It may be used to teach very young readers some of the principles underlying the world's present struggles to reduce armaments. This story is from

THE JUNGLE MEETING POOL. By Mervyn Skipper. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York, 1929, \$1.50.

The jungle Meeting Pool, on a little island off

Borneo, was the place where all beasts, birds and insects met amicably, secure from one another's destruction—that is, safe from all but the python—"the only creature in the jungle who does not keep the island law not to kill at the Meeting Pool; and he does not keep it because he is strong enough to break it." At their meetings the creatures discuss ways and means of halting the white man in his destruction of their jungle; even the Meeting Pool is about to be drained and cleared. The legends they tell one another, to help clear up the problem, are all full of charm.

Geography:

Albania—"The National Children's Fund Works On;" "Junior Doings Overseas."

Borneo—"Pa Badak's Lawsuit" is a folk story from the island of Borneo.

China—"The Little Temple" (Editorial page); "Mo Yuin Gets His Chance;" "Mr. Yen, Big Teacher." The two stories, both about hungry minds, make us remember our own national problems of illiteracy. You may find out ways in which Junior members can cooperate in the national crusade by writing Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart, National Headquarters, American Red Cross, Washington, D. C.

In connection with these features and with this month's *CALENDAR* picture, you may be interested in an unusual collection of folk tales from the Orient.

HOW THE MONKEY GOT HIS TAIL and other stories. By Arthur W. Gosling, 718 Harrison St., Madison, Wisconsin, 1929.

The stories in this collection, written by oriental students attending a conference in Racine, were edited and printed by Professor Gosling, with an introduction by President Glenn Frank. They are told in simple language of literary quality. The selection includes stories from Japan, India, Korea, China, Armenia and New Zealand. There is humor in some and wonder in many. Of the larger purpose, President Frank says in the introduction: "If the Occidental child learns of the life of his brother in the Orient, then the two men of tomorrow—the Eastern man and the Western man—will have developed an understanding of each other's outlook; for the child of the East is already learning to know his Western brother."

Norway—"Suppose You Lived in Norway," "Junior Doings Overseas."

Home Economics:

"With Needle and Thread;" "Young Tailors of Philadelphia."

Developing Calendar Activities for February

Classroom Index of Calendar Activities

Auditorium: Repeating, as school entertainments, programs prepared for homes for the aged, veterans' hospitals, orphanages, or children's hospitals; arranging an assembly program from material collected for school correspondence; giving an assembly based on foreign holidays of the month (See Postcard Shower dates).

Club: Preparing entertainments for hospitals, or public homes; taking snapshots to illustrate school correspondence.

Dramatics, English: Selecting and preparing readings for holiday entertainments; preparing valentine tableaux; writing letters on international correspondence topics.

Drawing or Other Handwork: Making gloom-chasers for trays, making silhouettes, window transparencies; making materials (cut-outs, etc.) for valentine exchange between elderly people and young children; selecting or designing cards for foreign holiday showers; decorating valentines with Indian designs; illustrating school correspondence.

History, Other Social Studies: Studying national traditions of freedom and pioneering for school correspondence (See book review of Pioneer Series, page 4); visiting local museums for school correspondence material; studying foreign holidays for postcard showers.

Home Economics: Preparing candied cherries, George Washington Pie, and fruit baskets for holiday gifts; planning costumes for valentine tableaux; helping the local chapter in some canteen project.

Music: Preparing a concert of spirituals for Lincoln's birthday and of national hymns of many countries for Washington's birthday.

Physical Education, Health: Preparing valentine tableaux with old-fashioned dances; learning games based on Valentine day traditions; see also the Fitness for Service Section of CALENDAR, and page 4 of this GUIDE.

Primary Grades: Sending a Valentine Box to some Children's Home; making a book of patriotic holidays for some foreign sanatorium; making a book of valentines for children in a foreign sanatorium.

A report from the Lafayette School, San Francisco, described valentine books made in that school: "Everybody found much pleasure in making them. They were heart-shaped and of a bright red color. We took our old valentines and pasted them on the pages, decorating the spaces with birds, cupids, etc." For general regulations about books for children in foreign sanatoriums, see the January TEACHER'S GUIDE. In addition to paper muslin, such materials as tarlatan or buckram may be used for backing. In a set of specially attractive books from Terre Haute, Indiana, recently, there were a number made of white buckram. The edges of the pages were evenly scalloped and the pictures showed up attractively on the gauzy but firm background.

The Place of Service in Character Education

STUDIES IN SERVICE AND SELF-CONTROL. By Hartshorne and May. Macmillan Co., New York, 1929, \$2.75.

The second volume in the series of the Character Education Inquiry convinces that at least some phases of service attitudes are measurable. Here are some of the questions that the experiments attempt to answer quantitatively:

Will children, if opportunity is presented without pressure, give up some portion of their leisure to bring pleasure to others?

Will they sacrifice a personal reward for good work in their regular school job, giving the reward to others? Will they work better or less well, if their earned reward is to go to others?

Will they sacrifice luxuries for others, to whom these will mean as much or more?

Will they choose to work for their class in preference to themselves? Will they work better or less well for the class?

What relation is there between the resulting Service Score on these tests and age, grade, proper grading, cultural status, economic status, parents' cooperation, sex, classroom morale, deliberate teaching of the ideal, religious education, race?

Conclusions are stated temperately. Some of the important ones are that character is educable, that laws of education accepted in other fields apply here, that character education is at present in a hit-and-miss condition. These conclusions assume more importance as one studies the careful steps by which they were reached.

The opportunity and the reward to be sacrificed—the "resistance"—were in each case something "extra." It was the pupil's willingness to share his surplus with others that was measured. The degree to which thought of others motivated his more usual action; his judgment and imaginative capacity in evaluating needs close at hand or far away; his creative planning of his own life to realize social ends, are measured only by his "reputation," for the purpose of checking the tests. The authors, who define "charity" in the inclusive, Corinthian sense, do not claim that their tests measure "service" in this sense, much less teach it.

Responsibility for taking into account intangible factors of motive is also disclaimed with careful honesty. Children who chose to work for personal reward are rated lower than those who worked for their class—though one may suppose a child who wished to devote his personal reward to service, it being uncertain whether the class would vote a service-use for the group reward. It may be a reasonable question whether mere "loyalty to team" merits credit on the service side. An individual multiplies his strength by uniting with others like-minded; but if this multiplication is for selfish or unimportant ends, it becomes less creditable than more difficult individualism directed to some ideal end. This is implied in the thoughtful discussion of Chapter II, but not taken into account in the tests.

The study does not assume to point out lines of education whereby thought of others may become integral in character, influencing the individual to unjealous and unselfish attitudes in home, school, or business; building through concrete personal experience an intuitive imagination that can project itself beyond a present situation into the lives and experiences of others; developing judgment so that superficial appeal to team play, herd psychology, will not sway to cooperation for destructive ends instead of independent action for a less popular good; liberating creative power so that the ordinary day's work shall be bent to good ends, or lifework directed with a sound sense of service values.

Only the first part of the task outlined for the Inquiry in the preliminary announcement of its work is reported in the first two volumes. Every student of the problems of character education will wish to follow each step as it is worked out definitely enough for report. The tests have been worked out with sound and honest scholarship and serve as intelligent preparation for the "experimental development of method in religious and moral education." Even at this stage, the thoughtful student may draw inferences to guide and forward his own experimental efforts in educating for nobler living.

At a Chapter Meeting

Recently some one sent in an account of the way in which a Junior Red Cross girl of foreign parentage helped extend the understanding of her adult audience: "It was interesting to see the interest of the group in this foreign-parentage sturdy American child. Few of the group ever come in touch with the foreign children or their parents except as day laborers or in the capacity of a workman or woman. To have such a child speaking to them on terms of equality, with the same Red Cross interest which brought them to the meeting themselves, was an enlightening experience for some of them."

The Junior Red Cross in Smaller Schools

Banner Schools

THE Syracuse Chapter has worked out a plan of local award by which schools coming up to certain standards are awarded special Junior Red Cross banners. The standards for Onondaga County schools are:

A. ENROLLMENT OF EVERY ROOM—Grades, 1 subscription to JUNIOR NEWS for each room. High, 1 subscription to HIGH SCHOOL SERVICE for each 100 pupils.

B. ONE JUNIOR RED CROSS ASSEMBLY A YEAR.

C. A JUNIOR RED CROSS COMMITTEE OR COUNCIL WITH FACULTY ADVISER.

D. CONTRIBUTION TO SERVICE FUND to support Junior Red Cross program, especially dental clinics in rural schools or contributions for disaster relief.

E. SERVICE: Choose one activity from each group.

1. Making favors, greeting and place cards for U. S. Veterans' Hospital No. 96, Tupper Lake. (Check holiday you will be responsible for.) Hallowe'en; Thanksgiving; Christmas; Lincoln's Birthday; Valentine Day; Washington's Birthday; St. Patrick's Day; Easter; Memorial Day; Fourth of July. Filling Christmas stockings for disabled World War veterans.

2. (a) Adoption of orphans or children at Hillcrest or sanatorium to remember with gifts at Christmas, Easter or on a birthday.

(b) Making layettes in sewing classes.

(c) Sending fresh eggs or garden produce for sick children.

F. WORLD FRIENDSHIP: Choice—

1. Filling Christmas boxes for Juniors in other lands.

2. International correspondence—at least one portfolio from school to be sent to a foreign school.

[A contribution to the National Children's Fund might well be listed as a third opportunity open to all enrolled schools. R. E. H.]

G. HEALTH: Choice—

1. Dental Clinic in the school.

2. Making health posters or portfolios.

3. Home Hygiene, First Aid, Swimming or Life Saving classes if they can be fitted into school program.

H. PROMOTING SENIOR RED CROSS ROLL CALL IN THE COMMUNITY.

Team Work for School Lunches

A successful hot lunch project was described in a letter from Frances Mosher, the teacher of Render School, Wexford County, Michigan:

"When our county nurse and doctor visited our school last fall, they found several of our boys and girls underweight. We decided to serve hot lunches during the cold months, in an attempt to correct that condition. Some of our pupils come long distances, only one family living near the school.

"We talked the matter over and found the pupils eager to give it a trial, so bought a two-burner oil stove. We next gave a Hallowe'en social to secure funds for needed supplies. The children brought dishes, knives, forks and spoons, and a neighbor kindly made us a small dish cupboard of a wooden box. A dish pan, towels, pails and other necessary articles, we brought from our homes.

"As soon as we began having hot lunches the parents brought or sent food supplies. They have given us potatoes, cabbages, onions, carrots, turnips, squash, beets, apples, milk, cream, butter, corn, white beans, sugar, canned fruit, rice, sauerkraut and pickles. We bought tomatoes for the sake of variety. When we have extra vegetables, we store them in a nearby cellar.

"We plan our meals for the following day, being careful to have a change in menu. Several pupils turn in and help prepare the vegetables before school in the morning or at the first recess. We time our lunch to have it ready

at dismissal, at noon. After washing their hands, the pupils take seats. Helpers pass napkins made of papers or sheets from catalogs to protect the desks; next the spoons and forks are passed. The mashed potato, soup or whatever food we have is served by older pupils. For a drink, we have Instant Postum or cocoa and sometimes milk for those who do not have milk to drink at home. After the meal, each one brings his dishes to the table and sees that his desk is clean. Volunteers wash, dry and put away the dishes.

"We think the results are well worth the extra work. Not only do the children get the benefits derived from hot lunches, with plenty of healthful vegetables, but it has resulted in the splendid cooperation of parents and pupils and has been a means of improving the school spirit."

World-Wide Team Work

One of our National Children's Fund projects this year is the continued support of school canteens inaugurated in Bulgaria as a relief measure after last year's earthquake. It is rather interesting to consider the fact that through their world-reaching team play, members in America can help with the hot lunches so essential in building health of fellow members in a European country.

"A part of the sum set aside annually by American Juniors for the welfare of Juniors in other countries was donated to the Bulgarian Junior Red Cross for the relief of children in the area devastated by last year's earthquake. One of the most urgent needs being hot meals for needy school children, the money received was expended for this purpose.

"A free school canteen was inaugurated in Plovdiv on January 21. After giving his benediction to the enterprise, Bishop Hariton made a speech urging children to serve and propagate the ideals of the Junior Red Cross. A reply was made by a pupil who thanked all those having participated in the organization of the canteen. After the ceremony, a meal was served to the children in the presence of the guests.

"The Archbishop of Plovdiv and the Mayor each donated a complete free meal to the canteen, which, at the present time, is serving the needs of sixty children daily.

"During the period January to July, 1928, 117,724 *levas* (\$850) were expended on hot lunches for 200 school children, 100 in Philippopolis and 100 in Stanimaka, thanks to a grant from the National Children's Fund of the American Junior Red Cross. The organization of the canteens in Philippopolis was handled by the Junior Red Cross Central Committee in cooperation with a child welfare society and members of the school board. Students were in charge of the distribution of meals and assisted in their preparation. The cost of the meals amounted to five *levas* a day per child."

"All Alive"

THE YOUNG FOLKS' BOOK OF IDEALS. By William Byron Forbush. Lothrop, Lee, and Shepard Company, Boston, \$2.50.

Written at a time when less was said about "character education" than at present, Dr. Forbush's book has been a standard help, ever since publication. The language is addressed to live boys and girls and the discussion enters into their yearnings, failures, and potential successes. One is conscious of changing manners in reading certain chapters, but the emphasis on frankness, freedom, and fun is modern. There is much stress on outdoor life, on verve and firmness of will, and on the gentleness and thoughtfulness that make up strength. Opening at any page one finds memorable passages, enlivened by human anecdotes. The spirit of the whole book is that of one of the chapter titles, "All Alive." That particular chapter begins: "If some one were to note down the places in this world that were mentioned in your conversation, how far would they reach out on a map?" Not only this but most of the other chapters will broaden the map of the young reader's enjoyment and understanding.

Fitness for Service

Heroes and Health

IN studying the lives of heroes, national or otherwise, "to learn what part health played in their leadership," not all the emphasis should be on the influence physical health has had on intellectual leadership. Stronger emphasis should be placed on the effect of determination to surmount physical handicaps on general health. Roosevelt is an outstanding example, but there are many others.

Heroes who have forwarded the world's health are the subject of a series of pamphlets issued by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York. The latest is on Florence Nightingale. The pamphlets will be sent free to junior and senior high school classes, upon application by the teacher. Titles of others are "Pasteur," "Trudeau," "Jenner," and "Reed."

Birthday Presents of Health

The value of a periodical medical examination was discussed in one of the bulletins sent out by the League of Red Cross Societies:

"... One of the most persuasive arguments in favor of the periodic examination is the prolongation of life which it ensures. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company of New York began by spending \$60,000 during six years on the medical examination of 6,000 persons and it found that it had saved \$120,000 by the prolongation of life of these persons. After nine years of this experiment, it was calculated that an average reduction of 18 per cent in the death rate had been effected among the persons concerned. Among a group of "impaired lives," this reduction amounted to 50 per cent.

"The present average duration of life in the United States is 58 years. In 1922 Dr. Dublin, statistician to the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, calculated that 10 years could still be added to the average expectation of life by the application of existing knowledge. By the year 2100, the average duration of life should be 94 years, and it may be much more if in the meantime effective means have been discovered for the prevention or cure of such diseases as cancer. We are, indeed, living in an age of miracles. Some of them are within the reach of all. Prolongation of life by many years is one of them, and by submitting to the discomforts and discipline of a periodic medical examination, we may hope not only to lengthen our lives but to make them healthier and therefore happier."

Classes in Home Hygiene

The school course in Home Hygiene, adapted to Junior High Schools (or seventh and eighth grades of eight-grade elementary schools and the first year of four-year high schools) is now called the Junior Course. The Standard Course is given in either of the last two years of the senior high school. Either course requires thirty hours to complete it. Either may be taught as a separate subject, or "may be accepted as a unit in a department of Home Economics, Physical Education, Hygiene, or like sciences." Under this latter plan, the regular teacher and an authorized nurse instructor may cooperate in giving the course. Red Cross certificates are issued to all who complete the course satisfactorily. Information about requirements, with bulletins helpful in planning and conducting the course, may be obtained through local Red Cross Chapters or by writing Red Cross National or Branch Offices.

Pioneer Life, Told by Pioneers

An invaluable series of books, dealing with various phases of pioneer life, edited by Professor Driggs of

New York University, is published by the World Book Company, Yonkers on the Hudson, New York. Each is a true autobiography of the pioneer selected as author. There are to date twelve numbers in the series, ranging in price from 88 cents to \$1.40 each, and covering sections as far apart as *In the North Woods of Maine*, by E. B. Thomas, the Dakota prairies (*Breaking Sod on the Prairies*, by Clarence W. Taber), the Southwestern frontier (*The Texas Ranger*, by James B. Gillett) and the *Ox-Team Days on the Oregon Trail*, by Ezra Meeker. The latest volume is *The Pioneer Photographers*, by William H. Jackson (1929, \$1.40).

The most significant explorations of this pioneer photographer were made when the author joined the builders of the Union Pacific and when he went as official photographer for the United States Geological Survey, through Wyoming and the Yellowstone, through Colorado and Mesa Verde Park, and in the Pueblo Country. The narrative is full of vivid detail, based on accurate notes made at the time of the experiences. Illustrations include sketches and photographs made by the author in his work. Many of the pictures are from the first photographs ever made of now famous sites—Mammoth Hot Springs of Yellowstone Park, for instance, and Holy Cross Mountain. The account of primitive laboratory methods and ingenuity in solving technical problems is in itself interesting.

Pioneers in Our Midst

THE GATEWAY OF TOMORROW. By Olive M. Price. Scott-Mitchell Publishing Co., Saint Paul, Minn., \$50.

This Americanization play may have several values in the classroom. The purpose for which it was written is to make newer citizens from other shores feel America as the land of opportunity and fulfilled promise. It is written without superciliousness and with appreciation of what new citizens bring, of character as well as culture. It should help the citizen who has more generations of United States heritage back of him to appreciate the still older talent and character strength represented in many of our immigrants, and the intelligence necessary in rapid adjustment to a new land. It should also, by the vividness of its portrayal of pre-Revolutionary Russia, give an attitude of patience with new Russia in its experimental groping. It is easy to forget, in pride of accomplishment, that our own nation has not passed wholly beyond the period of experiment, that no free land can ever pass entirely beyond that period so long as it remains live and growing. Our own democracy had the advantage of building on new land—on a fresh foundation. By what scale can we judge the progress of liberty in a country where wreckage of poverty, of brutalizing toil, of illiteracy, covered so large an area—where the heritage of oppression reached back so many generations? Not by the measure of a decade. Even the unavoidable impatience one feels when young citizens of a still unsuccessful government advise improvements in our own industrial ways is tempered by realization that their hearts may see more clearly than ours the inescapable, national harvest of poverty too long unrelieved.

Mo Yuin Gets His Chance

ELIZABETH FOREMAN LEWIS

Illustrations by Kurt Wiese

MO YUIN sat in front of his home in the small ricksha settlement outside Nan-king's city wall, and thought of the sudden fortune that had come to his family. On his thin body he wore a pair of soiled blue cotton pants, only. These, save for a ragged jacket reserved for colder weather, composed his entire wardrobe. In the ten years of his life he had never had more.

The house behind him was a rectangle of four clay walls, its roof of thatch supported on bamboo poles. There were no windows; in the winter one wished no unnecessary holes through which bitter winds and rains might enter. It was trouble enough to make the matting-covered doorway weather-tight. Anyone in search of light and fresh air simply stepped over the doorsill into the street.

From within came the odor of steaming bam-

boo shoots. Mo Yuin wrinkled his nose as he breathed in the delicious smell. This was another proof of the changed circumstances of his family—when had they ever before been able to buy food such as this? The small image of their household god, resting safely on a shelf within, would receive offerings of incense and rice more frequently now than ever. That family deity must have carried a fine report of the people under this roof, on his annual visit to High Heaven last New Year's Eve. For without the favor of the gods, Mo Yuin's father would not have found the ornament belonging to the foreign woman, and Mo Yuin's own dream of studying books would never, never have come true.

So far, Mo Yuin's only business with books had been in going about the dirty lanes and collecting scraps of printed paper blown there by the winds. These he deposited in one of the wooden boxes



A circle of gold, which sparkled in the sunlight, lay on the seat. Mo Yuin's father was tempted to keep it



The teacher came to Mo Yuin's desk. "Thy words are well done," he said. "Now let me hear what you learned yesterday"

placed for that very purpose on the public highways. For doing this he received a copper a day from a successful merchant, who found happiness in saving these bits of printed page from the trampling of careless feet. Such is China's respect for learning.

And Mo Yuin, handling these soiled, torn fragments from books and newspapers, studied the characters hungrily and longed to understand them. He spoke of this to his parents and to Hsiao Gia, the son of a neighbor. His mother and the neighbors had laughed. In a land where only the rich could afford to study it was amusing, indeed, for the son of a ricksha runner to think of books!

But his father had said nothing. Once in the history of his family there had been scholars; the Tai Ping wars had brought his house to its present low estate; perhaps, if his boy were given a chance, he, too, would learn to read. The man shook his head sadly, and went about his work. There was little hope of sending a boy to school, when he did not know whence the next bowl of rice was coming. A week's rent was due the owner of the ricksha he pulled, and unless he paid the debt before nightfall, the small vehicle would be taken from him and rented to some other runner. Without the ricksha's earning power, how could they live?

Mo Yuin recalled how worried his father had been that morning, and the change in him, two hours later, when he rushed in to tell them of his good fortune.

He had carried a foreign woman, as passenger,

from the American Consulate to her home in the business community. Walking away, after she had paid him generously for the short run, he had turned in the direction of a group of shops just below the Drum Tower, and there lowered the shafts to the ground. Pulling a rag from under the seat with which to mop the sweat from his face, he had seen something sparkle in the sunlight, close to his hand. It was a circle of gold from which several pieces of clear, colorless glass flashed sparks of fire. It was not like Chinese ornaments, so he had supposed the foreign woman had dropped it.

Suddenly the temptation to keep it had come to him. If he took it to a pawnshop, he might get something towards the debt for the ricksha. In-

stead he had taken it back to the foreign woman. A debt, he had decided, was far better than itching fingers which took what did not belong to them. He was only a ricksha coolie, but he was not a thief. And how wonderfully he had been repaid for his honesty! The foreign woman had been so pleased to get the pin again that she had given him five round silver dollars. Never in his life had he held so much money in his hand at one time. And then, the master of the house had asked him if he wished steady work running a private ricksha. Only the day before, the former runner had been sent away for dishonesty, and they needed another, at once. He would receive eight dollars a month, his clothing and a one-room house of plaster, within the foreign compound. Naturally, he had accepted, though he had been so dazed by this unexpected stroke of fortune that he had found it difficult to speak. After thanking his new employers many times, he had hurried home to tell the news. On the way, he had stopped to pay his debt and return the rented ricksha, for this afternoon he would start to work for the foreigners, and in three days, his family would move to the new home.

Mo Yuin scratched his head and looked at the house behind him to prove he was not dreaming. That such a thing should have happened to his own father was too much to believe. However, his mother was busy preparing the bamboo shoots, so it must be true. Also, their few household possessions, packed in baskets for a load-carrier, were cluttering the doorway. Before night's shadows fell, they would be under the new roof.

But this was not the most wonderful part of the story. His breath caught in his throat, as he thought of it. He, Mo Yuin, the son of a ricksha runner, was to go to school! His father had said it!

Several months later, Mo Yuin walked along the Great Horse Road to the school. He wore a long, blue cotton garment which reached from throat to feet. From the knee down, this was slit at each side, giving freedom of motion. Beneath showed neat cotton trousers which were fastened firmly about the ankles, short socks of white muslin, and shoes of black sateen. In his hand he carried a knotted square of blue cotton. Within its folds were his book, ink-slab, brush-pen and paper.

At the school—one poorly-lighted room—he entered, bowed three times to the teacher and took his place on a high bench near the door. There he arranged the things on his desk, placing his primer, "San Tz Ching" (Three Character Book), to the left, the ink-slab and brush toward the center, and the paper directly in front of him. Wetting his brush, he shaped it to a fine point on the cake of dried ink, and began with delicate strokes to write, "Read good books—speak good words."

All about him other students pursued their own affairs. Some like himself were writing; many were studying lessons aloud; one stood near the teacher, swaying to and fro to the rhythm of the literature which he was reciting from memory. The teacher, old and kindly, corrected a phrase or two, then told him, "Enough!" The boy passed to the end of the room, stopping for a mo-

ment to look through the doorway toward the bustle and excitement of the street.

In the schoolroom the noise was deafening; each student tried to make his voice rise above those of the others, as he repeated his lessons over and over. The teacher had left his desk to examine the written-work. On each paper, he drew circles of red about the well-formed characters; the faulty ones, he crossed. When he reached Mo Yuin's desk, his eyes brightened. This boy was a real student!

"Thy words are well done," he said. "Now let me hear what you learned yesterday."

Mo Yuin recited steadily. Once the teacher broke in with a correction. When the boy had finished, the other smiled. "Learn this from the Ancient Wisdom for thyself: 'To gain knowledge, the memory must be wax to receive and marble to retain.'"

Carefully Mo Yuin repeated the saying to himself. His heart glowed with warmth. How he loved this new life! His mind went back to those days when he had studied the printed scraps on Nanking's thoroughfares. As yet, he could read only a little, but some day, if he worked very hard, he would know a great deal. Perhaps, he might even become a teacher whom all men would respect. Even now, he had taught his father how to write his name.

About him rose the din of many students, busy at memorizing old truths from the Classics. He picked up his brush again to write, then poising it in mid-air, recited slowly,

"To gain knowledge, the memory must be wax to receive and marble to retain."

My Jiggy Little Song

MARJORIE SEYMOUR WATTS

PLEASE be patient, Mother,
With my jiggy little song
That I keep a-whistle-whistling, while we're walking right along.
Once I stopped, and suddenly
My feet were very tired,
And they said to my head,
"Where's that song that we admired?
"The one you've been a-whistling,
"The jiggy little song,
"That helps us not to ache
"While we're walking right along?"
So I keep a-whistling
Down this awful' long street,
But my whistle pucker's 'most—as—tired—as—my—feet.



ILLUSTRATION BY
CATHARINE LEWIS

Suppose You Lived in Norway

ANNA MILO UPJOHN

Illustrations by the Author

IF YOU should happen to live in Norway, whether your home were in Oslo or at the North Cape, you could not escape the long nights of winter or the endless glow of summer; and in season and out, you would begin the day with "flat-brod" and a cheese that looks like beeswax and spreads like butter. Flat-brod is made of rye flour and water, rolled into thin, large sheets pricked all over, as we mark cookies.

Norwegian meals are so far apart that you would need more flat-brod in the middle of the day, and again in the afternoon; for lunch is not served until three o'clock and dinner is not ready before half past eight or possibly nine. By that time the steaming soup, the whipped cream and horseradish to be eaten with your fish, and the Iceland moss and native cranberries would seem most tempting. There is always plenty of roast meat and vegetables, strawberries in season with lots of cream, jam and smoked fish, and such a variety of breads that one does not know which to choose.

In every part of the country you would find telephones and electric lights, even in Hammerfest, the most northerly city in the world. As to clothes, you would be pretty sure to wear a warm sweater and golf stockings the year around.

Going to school in Oslo or Bergen is much as it is in cities at home. The school buildings are handsome and fitted with the best modern equipment. But if you lived in the country, you might have to row across a fjord in the warm months, and skate across in winter, to reach school.

Norwegians are so industrious that no matter where you lived you would certainly be busy. What you did would depend upon your home town; for the west coast and the eastern borderline differ as much in character as our Rocky Mountain states do from the prairie lands. In the level eastern stretches, sheltered from the sea winds by a barrier of mountains, lie the grain-

fields and vast stretches of blue-black forest. From the train windows we can look deep into the heart of the forest. Here are masts for the ships of the world; ties for railways; piles for bridges; lumber for building in many lands.

Or you might have to do with another export of the country, probably the most important: fish. Perhaps you might be the boy who climbs a tree overhanging the mouth of a river or fjord to watch for a mackerel shoal. Down below in the clear green a dark mass is making its way toward the opening of the fjord. The fish are going into fresh water to spawn. The boy gives a shout and the fishermen, al-

ready in their boats, spread their monstrous net so that the multitude of fishes rushes into it. Then before the net is lifted, word of the catch is cabled to London and some merchant there makes a bid. It may be the fisherman or the merchant who stands to lose, for until the net is lifted and the dark mass changes to fluid silver no one knows the size of the catch. If it is not sold quickly it must be salted down, as mackerel does not keep long.

Probably the catch will be taken to Bergen, to



An old-fashioned Norwegian iron. Lovers used to carve and paint these flat boards for their sweethearts. A girl's popularity could be judged by the number of irons hanging on her wall

the liveliest fish market in Norway. Bergen has been famous for centuries. Before Columbus discovered America, the German guild of merchants, called the Hanseatic League, had a great station there where they salted and shipped fish to a large part of Europe. The tawny reflections of the Hansa's old warehouses brighten the waters of the harbor, where the force of the North Sea is broken by the thousand islands of the fjord that leads to the port.

In Bergen you will find book shops and peasant art work, as well as all that belongs to fish and shipping. Here the Lapps send their handicraft to market. They work in walrus and reindeer skin, bone, horn, birchbark, and weave homespun on hand looms. And the bags and moccasins, the paper knives and boxes and carved animals made by these small brown people of the Arctic Circle are carried by passing ships to far parts of the globe.

SOME places in Norway can be approached from the sea only by long and tortuous fjords. Suppose you lived at the valley end of one of these, from whose entrance you could glimpse a world of islands and headlands set in a waste of gray waters. Once between the cliffs you are in a land of waterfalls, where a cataract springing from the tilted basin of a glacier lake takes one awful leap into the waters of the fjord a thousand feet below. Everything is on a mighty scale, dark and ominous, but when the steamer has threaded the length of the fjord, skimming like a beetle over the black and glassy surface, you jump ashore in a green valley sprinkled with bluebells and buttercups. How cheerful the clusters of timber houses look, set in neat fields of cabbages and hay! Some are red, some weathered to the brown-black of peat, and roofed with slates like paving stones, but enlivened with white trimmings, or with casings and doors of orange and crimson. Behind the village rise the forests, wideflung over the mountains like a dark cloak. No wonder the peasant women run to bright colors in this sombre setting or that the boys and girls choose the gayest shirts and sweaters and golf stockings they can find.

In summer everyone in the valleys is cheerfully making hay. It is tossed up and hung to dry over trellises of unbarked birch boughs—movable fences that can be set up in any part of the field. The hay is abundant, yet there are few cattle in sight. That is because they have been driven up to the mountain pastures in order to spare the



In summer everyone is cheerfully making hay. Because of the dampness and grayness the grass must be cured by being hung on movable fences, instead of being left on the ground, as with us

lowland meadows. Butter and cheese are valued exports in Norway and much fodder is needed during the long winter. So even the grass that grows thickly on country housetops is thriftily cut with a sickle and stowed away. The roofs are covered with a layer of birchbark, then thickly sodded as a protection against snow, so no wonder they make flourishing hayfields!

You might do worse than spend your summer on a mountain dairy farm. The house is called a "saeter," or yoke, because it consists of two rooms joined by a narrow hallway. On one side is the dairy where the butter is made and salted down. In the other room there is a cavernous fireplace over which simmers the cheese cauldron. The dairymaid wears a scarlet bodice over her white chemise and her skirt is plaid. She brandishes her knotty stirring-stick like a scepter. The boy who helps her wears a red vest, buckskin knee breeches and home-knitted stockings, and when the cheese is formed he will carry it down to the valley in a tall basket slung over his back.

Railways are few in Norway, but there are other means of getting about. Steamboats wrig-

gle their way deep into the scraggling fjords, and there are dashing, two-wheeled jaunting carts drawn by cream-colored ponies and filled with tourists and holiday-makers taking a short cut from one fjord to another. If they meet a touring car making the same trip in the opposite direction there is some confusion; for everyone must dismount from the carts and the champing little ponies must be firmly held until the automobile has passed. A boy usually crouches on the running board of the car, ready to spring off and open the many gates that bar the road in order to keep the cattle from straying into dangerous places.

All this is in summer. In winter the mountains are piebald with snow and granite. Instead of the voice of waterfalls there is the thunder of ice cracking in the fjords. Sleighbells jingle in the valley. A weird green light fills the sky and the nation puts on its snowshoes.

In the country, Yuletide, or Christmas, lasts for thirteen days. As work on the farms and in the fisheries is slack it is a good time of year for visiting. The floors are strewn with fir and juniper; the coffee pot is kept on the hearth; cakes are baked, and ale is poured into tankards that have been in use since the days of the Vikings. The farm animals get special portions and bunches of oats are tied to fence posts and ridgepoles. There is skating on the frozen fjords and the "kelke," or hand sleigh, skims over the white roads, the occupant pushing himself along with sharp, ironshod sticks.

Before the days of railways and good roads many narrow valleys, or Dals, were cut off from the rest of the world by the winter's snow. During the long solitary months, there was great activity around the hearthstone. Garments were

woven and embroidered at home. Clocks, furniture and wooden dishes were carved and painted in the firelight. Patterns were exchanged between neighbors for generations until the art of a valley had acquired a character of its own.

Lovers no longer carve and paint flatirons, or rather *flat boards*, for their sweethearts, but those trophies still hang on the walls of many an old house in Norway. So do the embroidered hand towels, worked from end to end with bands of embroidery. Examining them carefully, you will find that each paragraph of stitching is signed with the same family name, followed by widely differing dates. They are really diplomas of good sewing. When a small girl had done her long seam and could hem, fell and button-hole she had the honor of embroidering a text or proverb on the long towel that had already served as sampler for her grandmother, her mother and perhaps her elder sister.

You may go to Trondhjem to buy your winter coat, for that is the center of the fur trade in Norway. A trader from Iceland gave the market a start in the days of the Vikings. Business being dull, he selected a fine pelt and gave it to the king, who goodnaturedly wore it. Since that time trappers have brought their best mink, marten and beaver skins to Trondhjem.

Although it is so far north, Trondhjem has a milder climate than that of some southern towns of Norway, and the fjord on which it lies never freezes because the Gulf Stream is near by. Here was the "throne home" and capital of King Olaf the Saint, and the crowning place of the old Norse kings. There is nothing left to remind us of Olaf except the powerful cathedral raised to his memory, which is the glory of Norway.

Oslo on the south coast is now the capital. It was a Viking nest in the old days, but about 300 years ago it

burned and King Christian IV refounded the capital just across the river, naming the new city Christiania after himself. Then, in 1925, the ancient Viking name, Oslo, reappeared on the map. The waters of the fjord still lap its foundations and the sea winds blow through its clean, friendly streets; but it is a handsome modern city, with hardly a trace of its Viking founders.



Hand towels, worked from end to end with bands of embroidery, hang in many old houses

Letters From Haiti

LATELY the newspapers have had a good deal in them about affairs in Haiti, so we are specially glad to be able to publish some of the fine material in an album which the American School at Port au Prince sent to the Nordhoff Grammar School, Ojai, California. This story of Haiti is made up of letters from a number of the pupils from the Fifth Grade up.

COLUMBUS discovered Haiti in 1492 and named it Hispaniola. The primitive people living there were estimated at a million. Fifteen years later this people had been reduced to sixty thousand. Labor was so scarce that slaves were brought from Africa, and thus the slave trade was begun.

The Spanish only wanted gold and neglected the natural resources of Hispaniola. Then the French settled in the western part of the island in the middle of the sixteenth century and developed the richest colony in the world. But their rule was not kind or just, either. At last the slaves, realizing their strength, rose in 1798 against their masters under Toussaint l'Ouverture, a full-blooded Negro whose father and mother were slaves. They ravaged the island by fire and sword and drove out the whites. Dessalines, a friend of Toussaint l'Ouverture, standing on the beach at Gonaives, tore the tricolor of France into three pieces. Hurling the white portion into the sea, he united the red and blue, thus creating the flag of independent Haiti. When Napoleon became Emperor in France he tried to regain Haiti, but failed.

The three great black leaders, Toussaint l'Ouverture, Jean Jacques Dessalines and Henri Christophe, had all served the whites in various ways, from that of slave to general officers in the French army in St. Domingo. The mulatto Pétion, first president of the Haitian Republic, was a graduate of a French military school. Today the official language of Haiti is French and the mulattoes, who form the upper class in the island, go to French schools.

Since it was declared independent about one hundred years ago, Haiti has had twenty-five presidents. Thirteen of these have been deposed by revolution. It was on account of one of the



Pupils in the American School at Port au Prince, Haiti

revolutions that the United States went in in 1915. President Sam had been stabbed by the revolutionaries and conditions were so terrible that our government felt that, under the Monroe Doctrine, it was its duty to settle things. In 1916 a treaty was made with the Haitian Republic, making the United States a kind of protector for twenty years. Men nominated by the President of the United States and appointed by the President of Haiti look after the collection of the duties, give advice on financial matters, train a native police force, the Gendarmerie d'Haiti, take charge of public works and look after public health. There is also a High Commissioner of Haiti, appointed by our President. He is Brigadier-General John H. Russell of the United States Army.

The Citadel is a big fort near Cape Haitian, a city in the north of Haiti. From the cape you go by automobile to a small town called Milot. There is a large palace called Sans Souci where King Christophe lived. From there you continue by horse three miles up a steep winding road to the Citadel. Henri Christophe was born a Negro slave on the island of Grenada. He bought his freedom and came to Haiti to live. He was very clever and at last seized the power and was made president of Haiti for life in 1807. Then a few years later he proclaimed himself King Henry I and was crowned. He became very cruel and was finally overthrown and committed suicide in 1820. The Citadel was his refuge against those who were plotting against him.

The guides unlock the door with a key about

one foot long. You enter a dark, damp and dirty place. They show you some dungeons and a place where at one time was a tunnel from the palace to the Citadel. Now it is completely blocked up at the Citadeld end, but at Sans Souci there is a small hole where the entrance was. Then you go up a high stair and the guides show you some flint, balls, powder and cannon. Finally they take you to a place about eighty-two feet high with no wall around it. This is where Christophe drilled his men. People say that when any soldier didn't obey King Henry, over this high wall he went.

The houses of the peasants of Haiti are very odd. To make the walls they weave twigs to-

that you do not have in the United States. There is the cho cho, which grows on a vine somewhat like a pumpkin vine, and the vegetable is shaped like a pear. Guinea corn grows on a tall stalk rather like cane. The grains are very small and look like rice. The Haitian peas grow in a pod like green peas but have a bushy tree. There are bananas which are pulled when the skin is green and then skinned and boiled like sweet potatoes.

There is a fruit like a pineapple with large black seeds, which we call the sour sap. The custard apple grows on a tall tree. When it is ripe, the skin is dark cream. The star apple is shaped like an orange and has seeds like a watermelon.

When this is ripe, the skin is dark red violet. Breadfruit grows on a big tree and is about the size of a cantaloupe. Limes are used instead of lemons. Sour oranges grow on a tree like sweet oranges, only they are very bitter and the skin is rough.

Haitians farm the year round and the farmers are principally women, as during the time when Haiti was overrun with *cacos*, or bandits, the men were driven to the hills and the women got into the habit of doing the farm work.

The sugar cane which the Haitians grow is of fairly good quality, but it has a disease, called mosaic, which stunts its growth. It is carried from diseased to healthy plants by an insect.

On Sundays you may see a crowd watching two cocks fighting. The people bet on them and they keep on fighting until one turns and runs, or is

wounded. The owner of the defeated rooster sometimes kills it, but the owner of the victorious bird keeps him and trains him all the more.

A very important holiday comes in February. It is called Mardi Gras, which means Fat Tuesday. On that day the people dress up and follow men with tom-toms all over town, up one street and down the next. There are also big floats and decorated automobiles.

Every Sunday evening the Garde d'Haiti Band gives a band concert in the Champs de Mars.

Every four years the President of Haiti, with



The Palace of Sans Souci, where King Christophe lived, used to be connected with the Citadel by an underground tunnel

gether and then make a mud mortar to fill in the cracks. There is one room, one entrance and usually one small window. The lamp is a small can containing a little grease or oil and a cloth wick. The natives have scant furniture, usually two stools and a bed made of palm leaves on the dirt floor.

The better class live in houses similar to those in the States, except that the windows and doors are made of wood and fastened inside by big hooks. The porches have red tiles. The yards are laid with cobblestones and are full of lovely flowers. Many Haitians have beautiful homes.

The President's Palace, the finest home in Haiti, is in the central part of Port au Prince. It is a large white building with a dome. On New Year's Day there is a great celebration here, for this is Liberty Day for the Haitians. The Palace is lighted up that night with colored lights and is very beautiful.

Haitian farms have many vegetables and fruits



The Citadel was Christophe's refuge

the advice of the President of the United States, appoints a civil engineer from the United States Navy to be the head of Public Works. He is assisted by other officers of the Engineer Corps. They are down here to build roads and trails so the Americans and Haitians can go to the different cities and the Haitians can carry their goods to and from the market. They have a school where the Haitians can learn to be engineers. Some of the Haitians go to the United States to study engineering, so that when the Americans leave Haiti in 1936 they will be able to carry on the work of building roads.

The Public Works puts up the public buildings, the rural dispensaries for the Service d'Hygiene and the industrial schools for the Service Technique, which is somewhat like our Department of Agriculture. It has charge of supplying the cities with fresh water and has built long-distance telephone lines all over Haiti.

When the *U. S. S. Washington* came to Port au Prince in 1915, the streets were only lanes and often one found puddles filled with trash, fine places for breeding mosquitoes. In the Iron Market, the largest and most important in the city, as many as ten people were often crowded together in the space allotted to one huckster. The meat shop was not screened off from the rest of the building and the meats were covered with flies. If a person of wealth appeared anywhere in the city, he was at once surrounded by a mob of paupers, some of them with terrible skin diseases. The hospitals were thought by the Haitians to be places where one went to die and from which few ever came out alive.

First the Sanitary Engineer put in charge of the Service d'Hygiene cleaned up the streets. Next he inspected the hospitals and gave medical aid to the few patients.



An open market in Port au Prince. Some of the Haitians walk about calling their wares, with their donkeys' backs loaded

The markets were inspected, the beggars and the sick were removed to almshouses and hospitals. The natives for a long time refused to venture near the hospitals because they believed that evil spirits lived there, and not until they saw skin diseases cured and broken bones healed did they come near. Now 139 rural clinics are held in little white stone buildings with green doors and shutters. There are many American doctors in the Service d'Hygiene and these clinics are held by them and by trained Haitian doctors.

The Haitian General Hospital, operated by the Service d'Hygiene in Port au Prince, is the center of medicine. In the hospital grounds, there is a school for nurses and just outside the hospital compound is a Medical School where Haitians may study to become doctors.

One very important feature connected with the activities of the Service d'Hygiene is the dusting of mosquito breeding swamps from airplanes. This dust is made up of certain chemicals which smother the larvae in the swamps.

This is the story of the work of the Service d'Hygiene since the beginning of the American Occupation in 1915.

THE ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

1. Count from 1-16 going from left to right along the lines and fill in the numbers which you name as you reach the *corners* of the square.

2. Now count from 1-16, going *backwards*: i.e., put your pencil where you have written 16

1			4
13			16

16	15	14	13
12			9
8			5
4	3	2	1

1	15	14	4
12	6	7	9
8	10	11	5
13	3	2	16

but this time say "one" and travel in the opposite direction from the one in which you came. This time write down each number which you speak as you reach all the remaining blank spaces along the *outside* of the square.

3. Repeat the count as you did it the first time and fill in the remaining four spaces in the center. The square will now be filled.

Add up any of the columns vertically, horizontally or diagonally and the answer is 34.

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It never gave me pleasure to triumph over anyone.

—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

TREASURE CHESTS FOR THE PHILIPPINES

MANY of you will recall the doll messengers of friendship sent by school children of America to school children in Japan in 1927 and the friendship bags sent to Mexico in 1928 through the Committee on World Friendship among Children, 289 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Now the Committee has a plan for children in continental United States to send Friendship Treasure Chests to children in the Philippine Islands. The very attractive Chests are of metal, 10½ by 6½ by 5 inches in size, and each one has handles of brass and a lock and key. Into each will go a book and a number of articles suggested by the Committee, many of them just the sort of things Juniors have been sending overseas annually for nine years in thousands of Christmas boxes. Juniors taking part in the project will naturally want the book sent to be Miss Upjohn's "Friends in Strange Garments." You know that the royalty from this goes to the National Children's Fund. The Chests are to be in the Philippines by December 30, 1930, in time for the celebration of Rizal Day, the national holiday in memory of the death of José Rizal, the great Filipino patriot who gave his life to win

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freedom for his people. The Committee will furnish full information to anyone who is interested in the plan.

THE LITTLE TEMPLE

The Calendar Picture for February

IT IS winter in China; cold and rainy even in this little village near Shanghai. But everyone is very gay. It is the New Year holiday which lasts for two weeks in February. The shops and schools are closed. There are fireworks and feasting and beating of gongs. Every house, no matter how poor, has a banner or a lantern hung from its eaves; and fresh pictures of the kind spirits who guard the house are pasted on the doors. Men gather to play games. Boys fly kites. Candles are lighted before the tablets of ancestors and dishes of rice and sweetmeats are set before them. The children have new clothes and everyone goes to the temple. It is a tiny temple, but it has lovely red lacquer panels, with gold inscriptions on them. In the center of the court there is a large bronze incense burner, over which leans a persimmon tree. The tiled roof is curved upward along the edges; and at the corners sit little green porcelain dragons. To the Chinese they are kind and helpful beings, for they are supposed to bring rain and abundant crops of rice.

THE BROOK IN FEBRUARY

A snowy path for squirrel and fox,
It winds between the wintry firs,
Snow-muffled are its iron rocks,
And o'er its stillness nothing stirs.

But low, bend low a listening ear,
Beneath the mask of moveless white
A babbling whisper you shall hear—
Of birds and blossoms, leaves and light.

—CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS
in the *Canadian Red Cross Junior*.

WE NEED NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER ISSUES

ON ACCOUNT of an unexpectedly large increase in subscriptions, nearly all copies of the November and December issues of the NEWS are gone. This year we plan to have a limited number of bound volumes of the 1929-1930 NEWS for sale at cost to schools that apply for them, so we need about 200 of each of these issues. If you have on hand a clean copy or two that you can spare, we shall appreciate your sending them to us.

Mr. Yen, Big Teacher

ELIZABETH McNEELY KEHR

BEHIND the Army lines in France in 1918, a slim young Chinese, who had just graduated from Yale University, was working under the Y. M. C. A. among the Chinese coolies of the labor camps. Y. C. James Yen, or "Jimmie," as all his friends called him, had been very popular at Yale. He had been a good tennis player, a member of a well-known fraternity and had sung in the Yale Glee Club. In France, too, he was soon very much loved.

There were about 300,000 of the coolies in France and Belgium, working at the seaports and on the roads and railways. They were homesick and lonely in these strange lands, where no one spoke their language or understood their problems. And there in France, trying to make things a little brighter for the coolies, almost by accident young James Yen started a great educational movement that has since helped hundreds of thousands and even millions of men, women and children in China.

"Jimmie" himself, though he was born in a little mountain village far over near the border of Tibet, could hardly remember when he had first begun to study. By the time he was eleven he had already memorized nine of the great old books of China. He had been in school and college most of the time ever since. But he soon found that not one of the poor fellows in his charge could either read or write. At home if they needed help they had gone to a professional letter-writer. Here they could neither read any letters or news from home, nor send any word back to their families or friends. No wonder they were homesick!

It had never occurred to "Jimmie" before that the laborers and peasants of his country either needed or wanted an education. For eighty generations, right back to the time of Confucius, the men of his family had been great students; but then they belonged to the "scholar" class. All

official positions were filled from this class. The farmer's business was to farm; the merchant's to sell; the artisan's to fashion articles of silver or jade or other materials; why should they meddle with the scholar's occupation? In fact, "Jimmie" had been trained to look down on all these workers, though they formed the greater part of the population. As for coolies, he had scarcely noticed their existence. But after he had helped many of his laborers with their letter-writing and found how grateful they were, he decided

to try an experiment. He made up a short alphabet of the very simplest Chinese characters and started some evening classes. To his surprise these dirty men, drowsy after their heavy day's work, crowded to his "schoolroom" and in six weeks learned to write short letters and read easy sentences!

When the classes were well under way, "Jimmie" began publishing in Paris, just for the coolies, a little paper called *The Laborers' Weekly*. This was the first Chinese newspaper ever printed in Europe. It brought "Jimmie" a still greater surprise, for one day he received from one of the men this letter:



Mr. Y. C. James Yen. Wherever he goes, his enthusiasm and earnestness make him friends, just as they did at Yale and in France

MR. YEN, BIG TEACHER:

Ever since the publication of your newspaper I began to know everything under heaven. But your paper is so cheap it costs only one centime per copy and you may have to close down work pretty soon. So herewith find enclosed 150 francs which I have saved during my last three years' labor in France.

"Right there and then," says Mr. Yen when he tells his friends about it now, "I decided to go back to China and devote my life to the education of all those millions upon millions of men, women and children who, like these coolies, have never had a chance to learn."

So after the War, "Jimmie" went back to his home province of Hunan in south China, and,

with the help of the Y. M. C. A., began to plan his schools. There are two written languages in China, the *Wen-Li*, or literary form, used by the highly educated writers, who have to memorize thousands of characters, and the *Pai-Hua*, or everyday language, which had only begun to be used in print while "Jimmie" had been abroad. From this simpler language Mr. Yen and his helpers studied out the one thousand characters which they thought would be most needed by their pupils both in the cities and in the country. Finally they got ready four little paper-backed books, each containing twenty-four lessons, which they called the "Thousand Character Readers."

The first classes were held in Changsha, the capital city of Hunan Province, in the spring of 1922. Four months later, out of 1,400 men and boys enrolled, 900 proudly received from the governor of the province the diploma of "Literate Citizen." Of course, "Jimmie" had not been able to teach all of these students himself. He had had a campaign to arouse interest, and eighty educated persons had volunteered their help.

In fact, as Mr. Yen went on organizing his schools in province after province, he always found helpers. Men and women of the scholar and official families became interested and taught side by side with new graduates who four months before could not tell one character from another. The wife of a former premier in the Chinese government was so impressed when she saw a big commencement in Chefoo, that she decided to devote her time and money to the People's Schools. In Chefoo, teams of boys and girls from the schools drummed up pupils, and in Hangchow the police offered their help and enrolled two thousand in two days.

When many city-schools had been organized, "Jimmie" and his workers began going out into the country villages, where the work is still going on. On these trips the party often takes a storyteller along. The village elder, who is generally a well-educated, public-spirited man, appoints a

committee of villagers to make arrangements. The committee beats on the village gong and the people come thronging to the open-air stage. The storyteller entertains them, weaving into his stories information about the new school. Often everybody in the village enrolls. Soon men, women and children are hard at work, meeting at different hours in a corner of the temple, a church, a barn or after school hours in the school building. Some of the villagers donate wood for fuel and seed oil for lights for the night classes.

Each lesson has three parts: a drawing, a reading lesson about this drawing and an exercise with the new characters. In some pictures the pupils see students like themselves studying and writing letters in the People's Schools and later reading signs and newspapers on the streets. Drawings and sayings from the most ancient times of China alternate with clever lessons about health habits and sanitation, the steam engine, the steamboat, world friendship and other modern ideas which citizens of the new China should know.

A Chinese National Association was formed in 1923 to direct the movement. The classes have spread so fast that now even Mr. Yen does not know how many there are. He estimates that more than five million men and women and boys and girls have graduated.

In some provinces the graduates go on into Continuation Schools, where they study subjects like physics, geography, history and health. Some join Reading Clubs, where they discuss *The New Citizen* or *The Farmer*, published especially for them in easy Chinese, or magazines and books printed in the *Pai-Hua* language.

Though he is now national director of all this great movement, "Jimmie" Yen still lives very simply and works as hard as ever. And so well planned and practical have been all of his experiments that neither the fighting armies, nor the famines, nor the raids of brigands, nor the schemes of politicians have been able to stop the spread of his schools.



One illustration from the first of the "Thousand Character Readers." Its caption says: "A man who can not see with his eyes is a blind man. A man who can not read with his eyes is also blind. The life of each is bitter"

The National Children's Fund Works On

ONE of these evenings, as you sit in the movies, you may be surprised to hear a voice saying something that will have a special interest for you as members of the American Junior Red Cross. Mr. Stavro Bojaxhi, a teacher in the Vocational School in Tirana, Albania, will be saying:

"We are happy that opportunity is given to carry our words of appreciation overseas to the ears of the boys and girls of the American Junior Red Cross. We shall never forget that they founded this school in 1921 and furnished its full support for two years, from which time the officials of our government, plainly seeing the value of the school to the country, have contributed to its financial support.

"The graduates of the Albanian Vocational School now number a hundred and five; and all of them are employed in useful occupations, and all of them are helping upbuild our country.

"Words fail to convey what of gratitude towards America lies in our hearts; but bear in mind, boys and girls of America, that we shall never forget what you have done for us, and that we shall spread and enlarge the spirit with which you have imbued us: the spirit of Service and Friendship.

"Long live America. Long live the American Junior Red Cross."

These words were spoken for the Fox Film Company's movietone, taken in Albania last summer. Among the pictures filmed were a number showing the life of the boys in the Albanian Vocational School, which is not only the pride of Albania but is, naturally, the pride of the American Junior Red Cross as well. There was an article about the school in the December number of the NEWS. What Mr. Bojaxhi said was reported in *Laboremus*, the A. V. S. paper.

In other issues of the NEWS there have been accounts of some of the other uses of the National Children's Fund abroad during the past year. You have read, for example, of how a small gift from it helped meet some of the expenses of the beautiful Junior fête given by the Juniors of Hungary, and about how another allotment helped the Latvian Junior Red Cross in its scheme to give wholesome outdoor work herding cattle to boys and girls from the flooded regions of that country. You know, too, that money from the Fund takes care of the expense of sending the thousands of Junior Red Cross Christmas boxes overseas each year.

The sum of \$500 has been allotted to continue



A basket-weaving class at the Indian Vamori Day School. The teacher's salary was paid by the N. C. F.

the help given to the children's canteen at Plovdiv, in Bulgaria. That canteen was started after a terrible earthquake had destroyed the homes and property of many people in the region and the canteen furnished the only good meal each day for many of the children who were victims of the disaster. The Bulgarian Junior Red Cross was doing all it could to keep it going; Bulgarian Juniors, some of them disaster victims themselves, were helping to run the canteen, but money ran low and it seemed that the lunches would have to be given up. Then, just at the right moment, a grant came from the American Fund. The canteen is still needed and you and the Bulgarian Juniors are still helping there.

In Turkey, money from the N. C. F. is helping to organize the Turkish Junior Red Crescent. In Austria it aids in printing and distributing booklets on prevention and treatment of tuberculosis and on the care of the teeth. In Greece it gives you a share in the work of the Greek Juniors in the campaign to rid the country of malaria by paying for quinine and meeting a small part of the expense of publishing the Greek Junior magazine, which keeps up interest in the campaign.

Money from the Fund is still being used to help buy materials and supplies for Indian schools as well as to pay a teacher of pottery-making and an instructor in Navajo rug-weaving, who are keeping alive among some of the Indians these fine arts of their people. As you have read in last month's NEWS, the Indian Juniors are doing much service on their own account.

It is something to be proud of—this Fund, kept at work in the nation and in the world through eleven years by the voluntary efforts and sacrifices of the children and young people in the schools of the United States.

King Solomon was sitting in his court. "What can I do for you, Pa Badak?" he said



ONE day the Mousedeer went to pay a call on Badak, the Rhinoceros. Pa Badak was not at home, but his seven little sons and his seven very little daughters were there playing in the sun.

Pa Badak's Lawsuit*

MERVYN SKIPPER

"Where is your father, little ones?" asked the Mousedeer.

"He has gone down to the River to bathe," said the little rhinos. Just then the Elephant, who was near by in the jungle, began to blow his war-trumpet. He made such a terrible noise that the birds stopped singing, the monkeys stopped chattering and even the butterflies stopped flitting from flower to flower.

"The enemy must be coming," said Mousedeer, and he started to dance the war-dance. Before he knew what he was doing, the Mousedeer had danced all over Pa Badak's children and trodden them to pieces with his sharp little feet.

"Now what am I to do?" said Mousedeer when he saw the little rhinos lying around dead. And off he went home, as fast as he could, to think it over.

When Pa Badak, the Rhinoceros, came back

*This story from "The Jungle Meeting-Pool," by Mervyn Skipper, with illustrations by R. W. Coulter, is reprinted here by courtesy of the author and the publisher, Frederick A. Stokes Co.

from his bath and found that all his sons and his daughters had been killed and that Mousedeer's tracks were all around, he was very angry and off he went to King Solomon to lay a complaint before him.

King Solomon was sitting in his court, on a golden throne, with his wives and generals around him.

"What can I do for you, Pa Badak?" said King Solomon.

"I want you to punish Mousedeer, O King!"

"And what has Mousedeer done to you?" asked King Solomon.

"He has danced on my children and killed them," said Pa Badak.

King Solomon stroked his beard and told Burong Bayan, the messenger bird, to go and fetch Mousedeer. Off flew Burong Bayan, as fast as he was able.

"Why did you kill the children of Pa Badak, the Rhinoceros?" said King Solomon to the Mousedeer, when he appeared.

"Alas! O King, the fault was not mine. I heard Elephant blowing his war-trumpet and I thought the enemy was coming, so I danced my war-dance and trod Pa Badak's children to pieces."

King Solomon rubbed his beard and called Burong Bayan and told him to fetch the Ele-

phant. Off he flew as fast as he was able.

"Why, O Elephant," said King Solomon, "did you blow your trumpet and make Mousedeer dance his war-dance so that the children of Pa Badak were killed?"

"Alas!" said the Elephant, "it was not my fault, O King. I was walking by the River and I saw Crocodile floating down with all his armor on and I thought the enemy was coming and so I blew my trumpet."

King Solomon ruffled his beard. "Fetch the Crocodile," he said to Burong Bayan. Off flew Burong Bayan to fetch the Crocodile, as fast as he was able.

"Why, O Crocodile," said King Solomon, "did you put your armor on and make Elephant blow his trumpet and Mousedeer dance his war-dance over the children of Pa Badak, the Rhinoceros, so that they all died?"

"Alas!" said the Crocodile, "the fault was not mine. I saw Turtle swimming from the upper reaches with his shield on his back and I thought the enemy was coming and so I put my armor on!"

King Solomon tugged at his beard and told Burong Bayan to fetch the Turtle.

"Why, thou slow-footed thing," said King Solomon, "did you wear your shield, so that Crocodile thought an enemy was coming and put his armor on and Elephant blew his trumpet and made Mousedeer dance his war-dance over the children of Pa Badak, the Rhinoceros?"

"It was not my fault, O King," said the Turtle, "I saw Nokdiak, the Anteater, running with a bundle of spears in each hand, and I thought the enemy was coming, so I picked up my shield to attack him."

King Solomon pulled a great handful of hair out of his beard.

"Send for Sang Nokdiak," he said.

When Sang Nokdiak came in, rustling his quills, King Solomon said: "Why, O prickly one, do you run about my country with a bundle of spears in each hand? Do you not know that only the king's men may carry arms?"

"It was not my fault, great King," said Sang Nokdiak. "I was going quietly down to the River to drink and I met Pa Badak, the Rhinoceros, tearing along, smashing the trees down, and shouting that the enemy was after

him. So I picked up my spears in both hands to throw at the enemy."

King Solomon pulled two handfuls of hair out of his beard and turned to Pa Badak. "Heh, Pa Badak!" he shouted, "why did you go tearing through the jungle, smashing down the trees and shouting that an enemy was coming, when there was no enemy?"

"It was not my fault, O King!" said Pa Badak, the Rhinoceros. "I went down to the River to bathe, and, when I looked into the water, there I saw my enemy, with a shining helmet on his head just about to leap out at me. So I rushed off through the jungle to tell you, O King, that the enemy was coming!"

King Solomon was so puzzled that his beard curled up into a question mark.

"Who is this enemy?" he asked.

Bantangan, the long-nosed ape, had been sitting on the branch of a tree all the time, listening to the evidence, and now he cried, "May I speak, O King?"

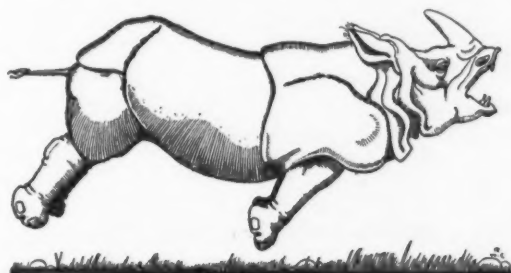
"Speak on," said the King wearily.

"By the wisdom of Allah, O King," said Bantangan, "I was sitting in a tree by the side of the River when Pa Badak, the Rhinoceros, came down to bathe. There was no enemy, O King, with a shining helmet on his head, waiting in the water to spring on Pa Badak. Pa Badak saw only his own reflection, and, being a fool, he ran screaming through the jungle shouting that the enemy was coming. This is the truth, O King!"

King Solomon was so angry that his beard looked like an exclamation mark.

"By the right arm of the Prophet," he shouted, "you are a fool, Pa Badak, and the son of a fool! You ran away from your own shadow and frightened Nokdiak, the Anteater, and he thought the enemy was coming and took his spears in both hands, and when Turtle saw Nokdiak with his spears in both hands, he put his shield on, and, when the Crocodile saw the Turtle with his shield on his back, he put his armor on, and when Elephant saw Crocodile with all

his armor on, he blew his trumpet to warn the country, and the sound of his trumpet made Mousedeer dance his war-dance, and so all your children got killed. The fault is not Mousedeer's. It is your own. The case is dismissed."





The doll from Davik

We wish you a merry Christmas.

THE Norwegian Juniors of the town of Davik sent St. Mary's School, Akron, Ohio, this beautiful doll with this little note:

DEAR FRIENDS:

Thank you ever so much for the grand, nice doll received. As a little gift in return, we send you this Norwegian doll, dressed exactly as every Norwegian girl is at national feasts in our part of the country.

RED CROSS JUNIORS,
Davik, Norway.

ALL of the grades at Harstad, Norway, sent a doll in December to the High 4 Grade of the John B. Gordon School in Atlanta. One of the Harstad girls wrote this letter to go with it:

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS OF GORDON SCHOOL:

We thank you all very much for the nice little doll and the pretty flower-book you have been so kind as to send us.

We are living in the north of Norway in a little town called Harstad. It is very cold here nearly all the year. The summer will not begin till St. Hans. But it is a very nice place. From the 22nd of May to the 24th of July we have the sun shining day and night, always a bright daylight. We have the long, long arctic winter and from the 30th of November to the 12th of January the sun does not rise here, so that it is always dark. But we have the moon and the stars and also the northern lights, aurora borealis, which may be exceedingly fine. When the sun is coming back in the middle of January it is a great festival day and all the pupils of the schools have a holiday to welcome the sun.

It was very interesting to hear that you like to read about the Norwegian Vikings and that you will also like to read about one of our greatest and dearest Norwegian sons, Roald Amundsen. In "The Orkney Book Readings for Young Orcadians, compiled and edited by John Gunn, M.A.D.Sc.,

Junior Doings Overseas

Thomas Nelson & Sons, Ltd., London, Edinburgh and New York," you will find much information about the ancient Norwegian Vikings. There is also another book about Norwegian Vikings: "A. Marves: The Vikings (Nr. 60 in The Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature) 3 sh."

In our town are only four public schools with about a thousand pupils. We are now sending you a little doll dressed as a Norwegian peasant woman. A very kind lady has made all the clothes and I hope you will notice how nicely everything is made. All the flowers we are sending have grown here in the soil of north Norway, in the garden of Mrs. General Johannessen. All the members of the Red Cross in Harstad wish you all, the dear little friends of Gordon School, a merry Christmas.

Yours sincerely,

PAULA THELLE.

THE Turkish Junior Red Crescent members have sent their first international greeting to the United States—twenty cases of delicious figs. Many of you have no doubt already sampled some of the little cartons, especially if your school was one of those that sent holiday greeting boxes to Turkey in 1928 or 1929. The Turkish Junior Red Crescent is the next to the youngest member in the world family of Junior societies. A gift of \$2,500 from your National Children's Fund helped in its organization.

THE real Junior Red Cross baby of the world family is the Chinese society, which is just being organized and is of course very small as yet.

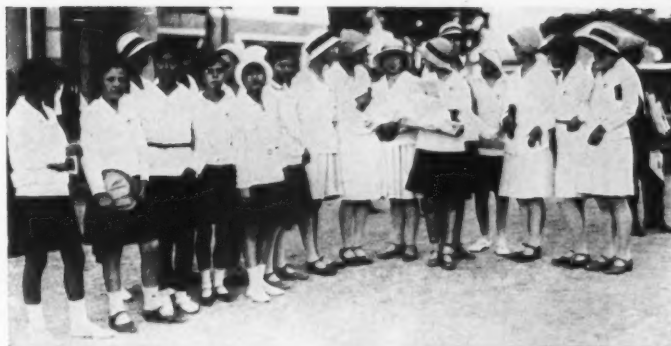
WHEN the Juniors of the Salonica section of the Greek Junior Red Cross heard that Mr. H. B. Wilson, national director of the American Junior Red Cross, was traveling in Europe and would reach Salonica on September 4th, they got up a committee representing different Junior groups and went to the railway station with a bouquet of flowers. Mr. Wilson did not come on the 4th, so they tried again on the 5th. Still Mr. Wilson was delayed, and it was not until the evening of the 6th, when the bouquet was getting very tired, that they were able to deliver



A group of Juniors in Gardermoen, Norway

it. Mr. Wilson's pleasure in seeing them, however, was a reward for all their waiting.

THE Juniors of the 29th Primary School in Tallinn, Estonia, took gifts of sweets and sugar to a home for poor people. Sugar is a luxury in this Baltic country, so the Juniors eked out what they were able to buy by using a little less themselves at home and bringing in small amounts.



The Greek Juniors who went—and went again—to the station to meet Mr. Wilson

THE members of the "Espana" group at Almodovar del Camp, Spain, made a miniature silkworm nursery to send to the Junior Red Cross museum at Kaunas in Lithuania. It was a really lovely piece of work.

FEBRUARY 27 is the Bulgarian Junior Red Cross Day. In the morning the Juniors have programs of speeches, songs and recitations at the schools and in the afternoon street parades and other events to interest the grown people. At Pleven the members ended one of their parades with a national dance in front of the Liberty Monument. A group from the Saint Zaharieff Pro-gymnasium at Tatar-Pazardjic visited the State Hospital and distributed milk, biscuits, fruit and chocolate to the patients. Others called on fifteen poor families, taking each 1 liter of olive oil, 1 pound of sugar and some eggs and biscuits. They also gave some coal to a blind old lady and some shoes and woolen cloth for suits to some needy school-mates. The money for these things they earned by a sale of articles they made themselves. In Gorni Chiflick the Junior group gave a dinner for the poor children of their village, most of whom are refugees.

ALITTLE village school in Westphalia sent this report to the German Junior Red Cross magazine:

As an everyday duty we fight against the enemies of health. In our neighborhood half the inhabitants make a living in the cigar industry and do their work at home. Tuberculosis and other illnesses are widespread. We are trying to fight them by taking care of the cleanliness of the school and of our own persons, and by getting much fresh air and exercise. In the village they say: "I don't know what has happened to my children. They wash and clean their teeth with a new regularity. They are mad about bathing."

Next in importance to the fight for health is the care of the sick. We go on Sundays or in the evenings and sing songs to the sick and bring flowers and other gifts.

A. KONOMI, one of the Sophomore boys at the Albanian Vocational School, tells in *Laboremus*, the school magazine, about the one hundred Albanian phonograph records which Mr. Ismail Shurdha, a merchant in Scutari, has had made. Two experts from the Columbia Gramophone Company in London came over to make them. They went to five different cities, getting some band and orchestra selections and a great many songs with instrumental accompaniments. Since the musicians were from various parts of the country, the records include many local songs and songs of the Albanian tribes. Now people who will never see Albania can enjoy the odd harmonies and rhythms of the Albanian music.



Juniors of Michle, Czechoslovakia, cleaning their classroom with a vacuum cleaner provided by the Junior fund with the help of the local Red Cross Chapter



Any boy in Philadelphia who is 14, in the sixth grade and in earnest, can hope to be admitted

With Needle and Thread

Young Tailors of Philadelphia

IF YOU should visit Philadelphia's tailoring class at the McCall Continuation School almost any day in the school year, you would find boys from many parts of the City of Brotherly Love stitching away in the big shop room, learning to be real tailors. This class, organized in 1922, is the first of its kind in the city and even in the United States, for the McCall class gives real "trade training." Any boy in Philadelphia who is fourteen, in the sixth grade and in earnest, can hope to be admitted, though he may have to wait a little. At first it was rather hard to get enough boys who wanted to try the new arrangement, but now more apply than can be accommodated.

The school day lasts six hours. Half the time is spent in the shop. Here the boys go through every step in making a garment, from cutting it out to finishing the last pocket and button-hole. Mr. Vincent Cassacio, their teacher, who is a fine tailor, encourages them to do beautiful work all the way through, even in such simple steps as basting and backstitching.

The rest of the time the boys study arithmetic, reading, writing and other regular subjects under special teachers.

Ordinarily the course lasts two years. If a boy is poor, however, the school sometimes helps

him to get work before he has finished. Between September, 1928, and January, 1929, twenty-five boys were placed in tailoring shops in the city, where they could probably complete their apprenticeship. Mr. Cassacio hopes that soon he can take his classes all through their apprenticeship and into advanced tailoring before they leave school.

All the junior tailors are also Juniors of the Red Cross. Last year some of the wool knickers they made were sent by the Southeastern Pennsylvania Chapter to Europe, for Serbian boys in an orphanage in Belgrade. Two years ago they made play suits and knickers for children in our own Mississippi flood regions. Every year, too, they give a great many of the garments they make to the Red Cross Chapter to distribute to local families.

Other Junior Needleworkers

JUNIOR girls, and occasionally boys, too, find many things besides tailored garments to make with needle and thread.

Sometimes the Red Cross chapter is glad of their help to keep the Loan Closet filled or to meet some call from National Headquarters. For instance, when a request came to the Beaver County Chapter in Pennsylvania for garments for use in hospitals and to send overseas, the

girls of five junior high schools—Woodlawn, Midland, College Hill, Beaver Falls, Ambridge and Beaver—took the Red Cross materials and made up layettes, girls' dresses, children's underclothes, boys' shirts and hospital bathrobes and bed socks. The sewing classes of the Covina, California, Grammar School made pillow slips, tray covers, card table covers and Christmas bags for the Los Angeles Chapter to use in its work for veterans and service men. The San Francisco Juniors have been making dresses, bloomers and layettes for the Chapter to give to children of disabled veterans.

Often, too, the Juniors undertake sewing for some special need. The Junior Red Cross of Allentown, Pennsylvania, made complete outfits for five of the boys at the Belgrade, Yugoslavia, orphanage. Each outfit had a sweater, two pairs of trousers, two union suits, two blouses and two pairs of woolen stockings. The father of one of the Crafts School members in Charleston, South Carolina, who is a tailor, gave the school a big pile of wool samples. Some of the girls, working in groups of fifteen, made these into warm quilts and gave them through the Red Cross office to families of ex-service men where the children had influenza and needed extra covers.

One year the Juniors of Weiser, Idaho, embroidered and decorated in different ways six dozen tray cloths for the U. S. Veterans' Hospital at Boise. The smaller children sewed rags and rolled them into balls for the men to use in weaving rugs. The Winchester-Frederick County schools in Virginia have "adopted" the children's ward in the Winchester Hospital. They take



The Budlong School (Chicago) Juniors making doll clothes for the children of disabled ex-service men

turn about keeping each child's bed supplied with two dainty little quilts, one blue and one pink, to allow for changes and give variety to the hospital days. Extra quilts and other articles are stored in the Junior Red Cross Chest at the county courthouse for emergency use. In Newark, New Jersey, last spring the domestic science classes made 250 uniforms for the children who go to the Fresh Air Camps in the summer.

Another very interesting form of Junior sewing is dressing dolls and making articles to send abroad in international school correspondence. The Domestic Art class of the Delta Junior High School, Delta, Utah, dressed a girl doll in typical school costume for their partner school in Geneva, Switzerland, naming her "Miss Delta." Samples of their other hand work were included in the package. Some classes make up wee garments and miniature house furnishings, in modern styles and materials, to show how we look and live in the United States. There is just no end to the clever ideas in albums and gifts.

In a portfolio to the Shirane School in Japan, the secretary of the Red Cross Club of Theodore Roosevelt Junior High School, Syracuse, New York, which is made up of representatives from each of the twenty-six home rooms, tells how the girls of the club sew for their school's overseas Christmas boxes:

After our business meetings we dress dolls for the Junior Red Cross Christmas boxes. Last year we waited until nearly Christmas time to dress our dolls. This year we are dressing them now so as not to have so much to do in the fall. Next October the dolls will be packed in the boxes and sent to European countries, where they will give the children much enjoyment.



Sixth grade girls in Roosevelt School, Warren, Ohio, not only made garments for the Red Cross loan closet, but also dressed these dolls for the Children's Home



The East Side School of Cleveland, Tennessee, won first prize in the health contest

News of Members Here and There

RYE COVE is a little community high on a plateau of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Scott County, Virginia. Last May a tornado destroyed the schoolhouse there and killed twelve of the children and one teacher. Sixty-seven of the children were injured, many so badly that they had to be taken by special train to a hospital in Bristol, fifty miles away.

In this hospital, the King's Mountain Memorial building, the Bristol Juniors have furnished a children's ward and a children's clinic room. (A picture of the ward was in the January, 1928, NEWS.) When these Juniors heard that the Rye Cove children had come, they at once made their plans. Committees from different schools visited the hospital every day and took fruit, flowers, story books, toys and other gifts to help the visitors forget their pain and the fright they had been through. Some of the classes made garments for wear in the hospital, for most of the children had, of course, brought nothing with them, or to wear when they returned home.

This winter a fine new brick school building has been opened in Rye Cove and the children have enrolled as Juniors. And two hundred yards away from the school is the new Community House, where they can go for recreation and special activities.

The person who first thought of this House was Miss Katherine Malone, the Red Cross Public Health Nurse who was helping in Rye Cove

after the disaster. Miss Malone tacked up a notice on the village store asking for volunteer workmen on a certain date. When the morning arrived, though it was pouring down rain, thirty-five men and seven teams were on hand. The House they built is a cozy little log hut, with a huge fireplace and chimney of native stone. The logs in the building are at least 118 years old, having been part of an old farmhouse which was blown down in the tornado. The owner donated them and the land for the House.

On the Sunday afternoon the center was dedicated, as a memorial to the children and teacher who died, men, women and boys and girls from the whole mountainside came to the exercises. It was both a sad and happy time. Everybody was wearing a Red Cross button, for Rye Cove had enrolled one hundred per cent. Those who could not afford a dollar, gave a hen. As hens were worth exactly a dollar just then, the merchant agreed to take the hens and give cash for memberships.

The women of the Red Cross Home Hygiene class have furnished the Community House with a linoleum rug, window curtains, a cot, chairs, desk and book-shelves. On the mantelpiece are some books and games presented by National Headquarters.

WHEN the twelve hundred Chinese Juniors of the Commodore Stockton School in San Francisco heard that a Junior Red Cross is being



The Rye Cove Community House

organized in China, they sent a letter of greeting to the Director of the Chinese society. The envelope bore a strip of red, the color of joy in China.

ALL of the public and parochial school members of Naugatuck, Connecticut, and the rural schools at Beacon Falls and Bethany have learned both the Junior World Song and the new song from the October, 1929, NEWS, in the music classes.

WHILE the Red Cross nutritionist was helping with the health and nutrition program at the East Side Grammar School in Cleveland, Tennessee, many of the children were found to be underweight. Studying about the right foods did not seem to be enough, so the school started to serve specially planned menus in the school cafeteria. By being very economical, it was possible to serve vegetables, such as spinach, potatoes, corn, peas, beans and so on for five cents, with one roll free. Soup, crackers and milk were another five cent feature. Milk by itself was three cents a glass. At these prices the lunches were so popular that most of the pupils ate a good cafeteria lunch every day. Three hundred and sixty children whose weight record was kept showed an average gain of 5.72 pounds, and the school won first prize in the health contest of the Cleveland schools. Some gained as much as fifteen pounds. By this time the members were so interested in becoming "fit to serve" that a number enrolled in a Red Cross First Aid class to learn what to do in case of sudden sickness or an accident.

FOR Washington's Birthday the Juniors of the Pleasant Street School, Greenfield, Massachusetts, made 128 lead pencil favors for the men at the Northport, Long Island, U. S. Veterans' Hospital. A bunch of crepe paper cherries with candy concealed inside was fastened to the eraser end of the pencil and a likeness of George Washington at the point.

VALENTINES big and little, single hearts or a dozen together, "Spark Plug" pictures and many other unusual designs were among the eight hundred valentines the Nashville, Tennessee, Juniors made for all the city hospitals and for the Veterans' Hospital at Oteen, North Carolina. In the Nashville buildings the attendants were busy almost all day delivering them.

THE Seventh Grade of a little country school in Vermont, at the editor's request, wrote a story of their doings for *The Vermonter*, a magazine published in the Green Mountain State. Each member of the class wrote one part and then all were put together and rewritten. Here are some of the things they told:

Our school is a little red schoolhouse in a gully on the mountainside. There are only six of us: one girl each in grades one, two and four; two girls and a boy in grade seven. We have old-fashioned seats and the old style lighting—two windows on three sides—but the room has been covered with wallboard and the foundation wall has been newly cemented. There is a woodshed in which we have many a jolly time.

We have a good clock and sash curtains. We have a stove but the least said about it the better. We have served hot lunches for several years. This year we baked potatoes, cooked meat or eggs and made gravy.

In the back of our room we have an orange crate. "Our Reference Library" we call it. It contains a set of reference books, 16 copies of *The National Geographic* (a gift), all of this year's *Geographic Bulletins*, our JUNIOR RED CROSS News and any and all books helpful to history or geography work. We have used it a great deal. . . .

We joined the Junior Red Cross early last fall. We packed a Christmas box for a little girl. We gave one dollar to the Teachers' Rest Home near Brandon. We bought "Friends in Strange Garments," three volumes for the blind children. We bring all Red Cross business to our reading club. We use the stories in our Red Cross magazine in our programs. . . .

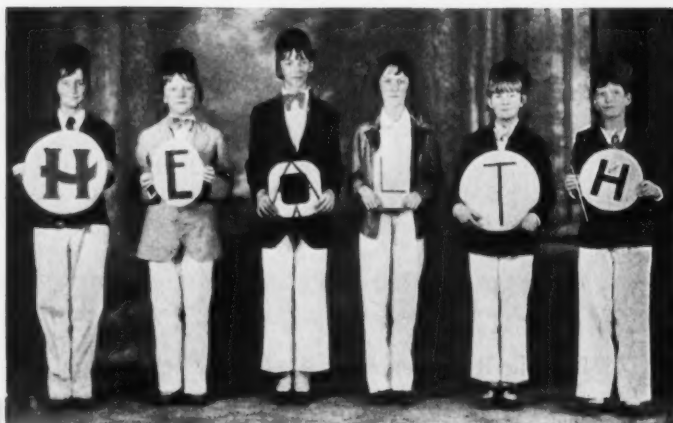
"INSTEAD of having our usual Valentine Box and giving valentines to each other," say the members of the Barr School, Escanaba, Michigan, "we decided to bring our pennies and put them in the Valentine Box, for the Near East Relief. We received \$21.98."

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CHARACTERS in a health play in Pineville, Louisiana (right). Each room in the Pineville School has a Junior Red Cross program every Friday and a joint meeting to report activities is held once a month. These Juniors added to their Service Fund by selling old papers and magazines, by a sale of sandwiches, cake and flowers and by fining anyone who left paper and rubbish around the school.



INDIAN Juniors of the Sia Day School in San Ysidro, New Mexico (below). Last year they made valentines for each other, for their brothers and sisters who were away at school in Albuquerque and Santa Fe and for old and sick people in Pueblo. On February 14 they decorated their schoolroom and had a valentine party.



AT THE Abraham Lincoln School in Burbank, California, the graduating class started a Junior Red Cross Memory Book, which is to be passed on from year to year as a permanent exhibit of the school's Junior work. Some of the children brought wool and needles and knitted the blocks for the quilt they are holding in the picture below.



TIMMY and his sister (below). Timmy is a little Mexican boy of Williams, Arizona, who had infantile paralysis when he was a baby. The Juniors of Williams have used their Service Fund to send him back and forth to Phoenix to a specialist. Before he was well enough to walk, the older boys used to carry him to school.



THE Third Grade Orchestra of Frank McCoppin School in San Francisco (right), with its eight-year-old leader. As a Junior service, the orchestra has given concerts at the Shriners' Children's Hospital and in the tuberculosis wards of the San Francisco Hospital. They also played at the Red Cross Regional Conference in San Francisco.



